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Rehearsal Script
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EPSISOE: ONE

DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 50

"THE LAST ZOLFA-THURAN"

by

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DOCTOR WHO: "ZOLFA-THURA" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

DOCTOR
ROMANA
K9

CARIS
DEEDRIX
TANNOY VOICE
MEGLOS
ZASTOR
LEXA
GENERAL GRUGGER
LIEUTENANT BRODADAC
EARTHLING (& AS MEGLOS VOICE)

2 TIGELLAN TECHNICIANS (N/S)
TIGELLANS (N/S)
TIGELLAN MESSANGER (N/S)
DEONS (N/S)
SAVANTS (N/S)
6 GAZTAKS (N/S)

SETS:

Int. Tigella Walkway (& 2nd)
Int. Tigella Central Control
Int. Power Room Annexe
Int. The Debating Chamber
Int. Tardis
Ext. Zolfa-Thura (and Laboratory)
Int. Meglos Laboratory

MODEL SHOT

Zolfa-Thura

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 1: 'The Last Zolfa-Thuran'

by

John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(WITHIN THE ORIGINAL
NETWORK OF NATURAL
TUNNELS AND CAVES,
THE PALE, BLOND
TIGELLANS HAVE
BUILT A SOPHISTICATED
SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

BUT NOW SOMETHING
HAS CLEARLY GONE
WRONG. THE LIGHTING
IS WILDLY ERRATIC,
DIMMING TO NEAR DARK-
NESS THEN BLAZING
TO BRILLIANT LIGHT.

SHORT-HAIRED, IN
THE STYLE OF ALL
THE SCIENCE-MINDED
"SAVANTS", CARIS,
A BOYISH HUMANOID
GIRL IN HER LATE
TWENTIES, IS
FRANTICALLY WORKING
WITH TWO OTHER
TIGELLANS AT AN
ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER
BOX HOUSED ON THE WALL,
REPLACING BURNT-OUT
POWER UNITS.

CARIS WIPES HER
HANDS ON HER OVERALLS
AND PAUSES TO
READ A PORTABLE POWER
GAUGE.

THE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN
TO WHITE DAZZLING
BRILLIANCE)

CARIS: (DIVING TO THE GROUND)
It's going to blow!

(ONE OF THE TECHNICIANS
COVERS HIS FACE AND
DIVES CLEAR.

BEFORE THE OTHER
CAN MOVE THERE IS
THE BLINDING FLASH
OF AN ELECTRICAL
EXPLOSION. HE IS
THROWN ACROSS THE
WALKWAY.

THE WALKWAY IS
PLUNGED INTO
DARKNESS.

WE HEAR CARIS'S
URGENT VOICE INTO
A WALL MICROPHONE:)

Emergency, emergency! Burn out on
walkway nine. Medical and light-
ing assistance immediately.

2. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. DAY.

(THIS IS THE NERVE
CENTRE OF THE CITY.
ALL INFORMATION IS
RECEIVED AND COLLATED
HERE WITH THE AID OF
ELECTRONIC WALL MAPS
AND CONTROL CONSOLES.

ONE OF THESE
INSTRUMENTS IN
PARTICULAR, A LARGE
THERMOMETER-TYPE
POWER GAUGE, CAN BE
SEEN TO FLUCTUATE
WILDLY.

THE LIGHTING ALSO
FADES AND BRIGHTENS
HERE BUT LESS
DRAMATICALLY THAN
IN THE WALKWAY.

DEEDRIX IS A LITTLE
OLDER THAN CARIS,
BUT LIKE HER HE
WEARS THE SHORT
CROPPED HAIR OF
THE SAVANT FACTION.
HE SITS AT THE MAIN
CONSOLE, VERY HARRASSED
AMONG THIS HIVE OF
ACTIVITY)

DEEDRIX: (INTO THE TANNOY)
Medical detail despatched.

TANNOY: Air Purification Unit.
One malfunctioning.

DEEDRIX: Open up air vents
three to eight in Unit One.
(cont ...)

(HE TURNS ROUND TO
SEE THE DIGNIFIED,
ANCIENT FIGURE OF

ZASTOR, WHO HAS
QUIETLY ENTERED
THE CONTROL ROOM)

DEEDRIX: (cont) (JUMPING UP)
Zastor!

ZASTOR: This is no time for
formality. (INDICATING THE
CONSOLE) Please continue.

TANNOY: Irrigation levels
holding steady.

DEEDRIX: (INTO MIKE) Thank you,
clearing.

(HE BREATHES A
MOMENTARY SIGH
OF RELIEF)

ZASTOR: Well, Deedrix, how bad
is it?

DEEDRIX: We can't control it
much longer.

ZASTOR: (GENTLY) So much for
science.

DEEDRIX: Without a detailed
investigation there is nothing
science can do.

ZASTOR: Believe me, I understand.

DEEDRIX: I've always argued -

ZASTOR: (WITH A GENTLE SMILE)
That's certainly true!

DEEDRIX: For thousands of years
our lives have been dominated
by a mystery. The Pentagram
belongs to all of us - not just
the Deons.

ZASTOR: Their religion deserves
respect.

DEEDRIX: Religion!

(HE PRESSES THE
MIKE SWITCH ONCE
MORE)

Control to walkway nine. Update
on the burn out, please.

3. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(THE EMERGENCY SERVICES HAVE ARRIVED. THE DARKENED WALKWAY IS NOW LIT BY HAND TORCHES.

WE SEE THE INJURED TECHNICIAN SITTING ON THE FLOOR. HE HAS AN ADHESIVE CIRCULAR PAD COVERING ONE EYE.

A TIGELLAN IS PLACING A SECOND PAD ON THE OTHER EYE. THIS DONE HE IS HELPED TO HIS FEET AND LED AWAY, HIS FACE SCORCHED AND BURNED.

CARIS IS WORKING ON THE BURNT OUT TRANSFORMER WITH A HAND-SIZED LASER WELDER-CUTTER.

SHE SPEAKS INTO HER COMMUNICATIONS PACK)

CARIS: I'm replacing the transformer. There'll be no power here for the next three hours. Now will they believe us?

4. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. DAY.

DEEDRIX: (INTO MIKE; FORMALLY)
Thank you, Caris. Understood.
(TO ZASTOR) All this rather
proves her point.

ZASTOR: How can we reinhabit
the surface. It would take
years of preparation.

DEEDRIX: Decades, more likely.
There are better ways. But
at least she has a rational
plan.

ZASTOR: Which the Deons have
declared a blasphemy.

DEEDRIX: You could overrule
them.

ZASTOR: How long would I remain
leader if I did?

DEEDRIX: (URGENTLY) And Tigella?
Zastor, I tell you as a Savant,
a scientist, one who works hard
to understand these things, that
our safe and bountiful city may
well be on the edge of total
extinction.

5. INT. THE POWER ROOM ANNEX. DAY.

(IN THE DEEPEST
PART OF THE CITY,
WHERE THE CONSTRUCTED
WALKWAYS END,
THERE ARE STEPS
DOWN TO A NATURAL
CAVE AREA.

LEADING OFF THIS
CAVE IS THE INNER
POWER ROOM WHICH
WE DO NOT SEE.
BUT FROM IT BRILLIANT
LIGHT FLUCTUATES
AND WE HEAR A LOW
VIBRANT HUMMING
SOUND.

IN THE ANNEX, LIT
BY TORCHES AND
ADORNED WITH SYMBOLS,
SEVERAL TIGELLANS
OF THE "DEON" FACTION
ARE SEATED IN SILENT
MENTAL CONCURRENCE.

BECAUSE OF THEIR
CONSTANT EXPOSURE
TO THE EMANATIONS
OF THE PENTAGRAM
THE LONG-HAIRED
DEONS HAVE MORE
GLOWING SKIN THAN
IS NORMAL AMONG
TIGELLANS.

A TIGELLIAN MESSENGER
APPROACHES FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE
WALKWAY AND WHISPERS
TO LEXA, LEADER OF
THE DEONS, A STRIKING
FULL-FIGURED WOMAN
IN HER LATE THIRTIES.

SHE RISES ABRUPTLY.

THE OTHER DECNS
LOOK UP AS THE
CHAIN OF CONCENTRATION
IS BROKEN)

LEXA: No! Zastor is our
leader, but he cannot lead
us into sacrilege.

(TO THE OTHER DEONS)

Resume the Concurrence. I
shall explain this yet again
to Zastor.

(THE HEADS BOW
AGAIN.

SHE BEGINS TO
FOLLOW THE
TIGELLAN MESSENGER
UP THE STEPS
TOWARDS:)

6. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(LEXA FINDS ZASTOR
WAITING FOR HER)

ZASTOR: (SEEING HER FACE;
CONCILATORY) I understand
your anger, Lexa.

LEXA: The Power is angrier
than we are.

ZASTOR: For the moment it seems
to be a little more controlled.
And so perhaps should we be.

(THEY BEGIN TO WALK
TOGETHER INTO:)

7. INT. A SECOND WALKWAY. DAY.

ZASTOR: These Savants are trying to help. Or so they believe.

LEXA: Belief! A word too large for their small minds. They're children ... wilful, ignorant and lost.

ZASTOR: As we all will be, Savants and Deons alike, if the power fails us.

LEXA: Why are we going to the Debating Chamber? This is hardly a matter for compromise.

ZASTOR: Lexa ... I'm an old man, with less faith perhaps than you. But I think you respect my judgement.

LEXA: Yes.

(THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT:)

8. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

ZASTOR: They have some proposals.
They will not touch the Pentagon.

LEXA: They cannot even enter
the Power Room.

ZASTOR: A few measurements,
some calculations.

LEXA: Not even you, Zastor,
can revoke the ancient Laws.

(DEEDRIX ENTERS
FROM THE CONTROL
ROOM)

DEEDRIX: And your "Concurrence",
Lexa, can't revoke the laws of
Physics.

ZASTOR: (INTERVENING; FIRMLY)
Lexa, Deedrix! We must behave
like leaders.

DEEDRIX: Then lead us by
example, Zastor. Make a
decision.

ZASTOR: I cannot interfere.
I was afraid it would come to
this.

(MAKING A SIGN TO
AN ATTENDANT)

Let it be done.

(THE ATTENDANT GOES
OFF)

DEEDRIX: Some new procrastination,
Zastor?

ZASTOR: I knew a man some fifty
years ago who solved the insoluble
by the strangest means. He sees
the threads that join the universe
together, and mends them when
they break.

DEEDRIX: A Savant? Or one of
her madmen?

ZASTOR: A little of each. And
much more of something quite
different.

DEEDRIX: You've sent for an
alien?

LEXA: Why?

ZASTOR: This problem needs his
delicacy of touch.

9. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR IS
REPAIRING K.9. -
HE SUFFERED SALT
WATER DAMAGE IN
THE LAST EPISODE -
ROMANA IS BY
K.9's TOOL KIT.

THEY CREATE THE
IMPRESSION OF A
TENSE HOSPITAL
OPERATION)

THE DOCTOR: Small sonic screw-
driver.

ROMANA: Small sonic screwdriver.

(ROMANA PASSES HIM
THE SCREWDRIVER.
HE MAKES A DELICATE
ADJUSTMENT)

THE DOCTOR: Electro-pliers.

ROMANA: Electro-pliers.

(ROMANA PASSES
THEM.

HE CAREFULLY
TIGHTENS A NUT)

THE DOCTOR: Magnesium mallet.

ROMANA: Magnesium mallet.

(ROMANA PASSES A
LARGE MALLET.

THE DOCTOR GIVES
K.9 A RAP ON THE
SNOUT WITH IT.

K.9'S EYES COME ON
AND THE PANEL ON
HIS BACK STARTS
FLASHING)

THE DOCTOR: He'd better stay
out of the sea in future.
Otherwise he'll be in deep
water.

ROMANA: It was hardly his fault
that someone neglected to sea-
proof him.

THE DOCTOR: Do you remember
where I left his manual?

ROMANA: (PLEASANTLY) It's not
like you to mislay something.

(SHE HANDS IT TO
HIM)

I hope he's going to be all right.
We'll need him in Tigella.

THE DOCTOR: They're not hostile.

ROMANA: The plants are. Lush
aggressive vegetation.

THE DOCTOR: (FLIPPING THROUGH
MANUAL) You mustn't believe
everything you read.

ROMANA: The history books say
it was the lush aggressive
vegetation that made the
Tigellans retreat beneath the
surface. You must have seen
it, last time you were there.

THE DOCTOR: It was reasonably friendly to me. Mind you, this was some time ago.

(FINDING HIS PLACE
IN THE MANUAL)

Ah, here we are. "Post repair test questions". Can you hear me K.9?

K.9: Yes Mistress.

THE DOCTOR: Not the most promising of starts.

10. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DEBATE IS NOW
IN FULL SESSION,
ATTENDED BY A FULL
MUSTER OF SAVANT
AND DEON LEADERS.

THE POWER LINES
SEEM STEADIER
FOR THE MOMENT)

ZASTOR: Savants! Deons!
Remember the dignity of your
high office. Have we been
elected to squabble? If we
cannot agree, we will at least
have order.

DEEDRIX: I've said all I have
to say. I'm needed back in the
Control Room.

(HE GETS UP TO LEAVE)

LEXA: No! The Savants should
be arrested for heresy.

DEEDRIX: And crushed to death,
no doubt.

ZASTOR: Deedrix, you will not
mock the Deon laws.

DEEDRIX: How can there be any
respect for a creed that practices
primitive sacrifice? (TO LEXA)
Are you making sacrifices now in
the name of your monstrous myth?

ZASTOR: Please, Deedrix.
Remember where you are.

DEEDRIX: No. It should be said before all Tigella. This Power Pentagram is no God. It is an artifact. Engineered.

LEXA: It descended from the Heavens.

DEEDRIX: Not the heavens. From somewhere. It came from somewhere ...

11. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA. DAY.

(BRILLIANT BLUE
SKY. AN EXPANSE
OF DESERT. THE
ONLY LANDMARKS ARE
FIVE GIANT GUN
METAL BLUE SCREENS.

GENERAL GRUGGER,
LEADER OF THE BAND
OF CRAGGY HUMANOID
SPACE RAIDERS,
BEDECKED LIKE HIS FELLOW
GAZTAKS WITH THE
ASSORTED FRUITS OF
GALACTIC LOOTING
EXPEDITIONS, IDLY
PACES THE SAND.

HE'S USED TO WAITING,
WITH A DOGGED
PATIENCE BORN OF
ENDLESS AMBUSHES.
BUT NOW HE'S ALSO
TRYING TO APPLY
HIS SHREWD GIPSY
MENTALITY TO THE
NEW SITUATION IN
WHICH HE FINDS
HIMSELF - AND HE
DOESN'T QUITE
KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

BEHIND HIM, BY THE
GAZTAK SPACE-CRAFT,
ARE THE SIX MEMBERS
OF HIS CREW. THEY
HAVE A PRISONER WITH
THEM, THE EARTHLING,
INCONGRUOUS IN HIS
ORDINARY 1980'S
BUSINESS CLOTHES.

GRUGGER APPROACHES
ONE OF THE SCREENS
AND LOOKS UP.

WE GET THE IMPRESSION
OF ENORMOUS HEIGHT.
HE RAPS THE SCREEN
WITH HIS FIST, THEN
ATTEMPTS TO SCORE
THE SURFACE WITH A
LARGE STONE RING ON
HIS FINGER. IT
LEAVES NO IMPRESSION.

GRUGGER STARES
MOODILY AT THE
SCREEN AS HIS
LIEUTENANT, BROTADAC,
ARRIVES, GIVING A
TOKEN SALUTE)

GRUGGER: Well?

BROTADAC: Sand everywhere.
Nothing but sand. The whole
planet!

GRUGGER: (LOOKING UP) Nothing
but these.

BROTADAC: "Bring an Earthling
to the screens of "Zolfa-Thura"
I never liked this job!

(HE KICKS THE
GROUND.

GRUGGER CROSSES
TO THE EARTHLING
WHO SHRINKS BACK
IN TERROR AND IS
FIRMLY GRABBED
BY TWO GAZTAKS)

GRUGGER: "Male Caucasian,
around two metres tall."

BROTADAC: All right, we've
delivered him. So who pays us?

GRUGGER: (BENDING TOWARDS THE
EARTHLING) Shut up. He's
trying to say something.

BROTADAC: It could be a trap.
(INDICATING THE EARTHLING)
Anyway, what does he know?

EARTHLING: (VERY FRIGHTENED)
Nothing. I don't know anything.
What have I done.

GRUGGER: Nobody knows anything.

EARTHLING: Why me?

GRUGGER: Why any of us?
You think I do this through
choice. (TO BROTADAC) Better
give him another one.

(BROTADAC TAKES
OUT A SMALL CYLINDER
AND PRESSES IT
AGAINST THE SIDE
OF THE PROTESTING
EARTHLING'S NECK.

IT DEPOSITS A
BRIGHTLY COLOURED
DISK ABOUT THE SIZE
OF A TWO PENCE PIECE,
WHICH ADHERES TO
THE JUGULAR.

THE EARTHLING
BECOMES STILL
AND DROWSY.

DURING THIS:)

The message was genuine -
we'll wait.

BROTADAC: Genuine? We don't even know who sent it. Let's kill him and go.

GRUGGER: Let's think for a change. (INDICATING THE EARTHLING) Now why would you send across the Galaxy for a thing like that.

(SUDDENLY THE WHOLE GROUND SHAKES.

THE GAZTAKS
INSTINCTIVELY
REACH FOR THEIR
WEAPONS. EVEN
GRUGGER LOOKS
STARTLED)

12. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA. (MODEL) DAY.

(FROM THE GROUND,
BENEATH THE SAND,
THE ROOF OF MEGLOS' S
LABORATORY EMERGES.

THE LABORATORY IS
CIRCULAR, AND
OCCUPIES THE CENTRAL
SPACE BETWEEN THE
SCREENS.

THROUGH ITS VIEW
WINDOWS, AND THROUGH
THE DOORWAY WHICH
NOW SLIDES OPEN
OF ITS OWN ACCORD,
WE GLIMPSE A
GLEAMING HIGH-TECH
INTERIOR)

13. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA AND LAB. DAY.

(THERE IS A MOMENT
OF SILENCE.)

THE GAZTAKS TRAIN
THEIR ASSORTED
WEAPONRY ON THE
DOORWAY.

NO-ONE COMES OUT.

GRUGGER MOVES
SLOWLY TOWARDS
THE DOOR)

BROTADAC: Don't! It must be
a trap.

GRUGGER: Shut up. Follow me.

(THEY GO THROUGH
THE DOORWAY)

14. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY.
DAY.

(GLEAMING FUTURISTIC:
BANKS OF SILENT
COMPUTERS, VIDEO
SCREENS, CONTROL
PANELS.

THERE ARE NO SIGNS
OF ANY INHABITANTS.
THERE IS HOWEVER
A BRILLIANT GREEN
CACTUS-TYPE PLANT
AT THE FAR END.

GRUGGER ENTERS
FOLLOWED BY BROTDAC.
THEY LOOK AROUND.
BROTDAC PICKS A
SMALL SILVER INSTRUMENT,
THE REDIMENSIONER, OFF
A DESK, LOOKS AT IT
WITH INCOMPREHENSION,
WEIGHS IT IN HIS
HAND - AND SWIFTLY
STOWS IT AWAY INSIDE
THE MYSTERIOUS
RECESSES OF HIS
JERKIN)

MEGLOS VOICE: Arrival noted,
gentlemen. Welcome.

(BROTDAC FREEZES)

Don't be afraid.

(GRUGGER ATTEMPTS
TO SOUND A NOTE
OF SCORN WHILE
SCANNING UNEASILY
FOR THE SOURCE
OF THE VOICE)

GRUGGER: Who do you think
you're talking to?

MEGLOS: General Grugger and
Lieutenant Brotadac, I presume.
Together with their band of
fortune hunters. There should
also be an Earthling some-
where?

(GRUGGER SIGNALS
FOR THE EARTHLING
TO BE BROUGHT IN)

GRUGGER: And you - what
are you?

MEGLOS VOICE: Forgive me,
most remiss. I am Meglos
only survivor of this planet.

(BROTADAC LOOKS
QUESTIONINGLY AT
GRUGGER. IN
ANSWER GRUGGER, WHO
HAS SPOTTED THE SOURCE
OF THE VOICE, NODS
TOWARDS THE CACTUS.
THEY APPROACH IT WITH
CAUTION)

Well observed, General Grugger.
I am the plant.

(BROTADAC THROWS
AN UNEASY LOOK
TOWARDS GRUGGER,
WHO IS TOTALLY
ENGROSSED IN
WHAT HE SEES)

A xerophyte, to be precise.
(cont ...)

(THE EARTHLING
IS LEAD IN)

MEGLOS: (cont) You've served
me well. General Grugger -
I now have a real proposition
for you.

15. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DEBATE IS
NOW IN UPROAR)

ZASTOR: This Chamber will
yield to my authority.

DEEDRIX: You've lost it -
delegated it to this alien.

LEXA: A Time Lord. A
non-believer. Why should
we trust him?

ZASTOR: The Doctor's good
faith is beyond question.

DEEDRIX: Faith! That word
again. What we need is
knowledge.

ZASTOR: He brings that too.

DEEDRIX: We have it here,
if you will allow us to use
it.

LEXA: These squabbles go
round and round. Nothing
is decided here. I shall
seek guidance from the
Power itself.

(SHE MAKES TO
LEAVE, BUT COMES
FACE TO FACE
WITH:)

CARIS: (ENTERING; HER
FACE SMUDGED WITH GRIME)
I have something to say to
this Chamber.

LEXA: No!

(THERE IS A HOWL
OF PROTEST FROM
THE DEON FACTION)

ZASTOR: Caris has risked
her life to save this city.
I want to hear her.

(THE TURMOIL
DIES DOWN)

CARIS: Even if we manage
to restore The Power ...

(MUTTERS OF DISAPPROVAL
AND SUBDUED OUTRAGE
FROM THE DEONS)

... Or as the Deon's would
say, the Power condescends
to restore itself ... the
food stocks will be destroy-
ed. We will have to ascend
to the surface.

(UPROAR)

16. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS, GRUGGER,
BROTADAC AS
BEFORE)

BROTADAC: It's a waste of
time. Let's get our payment
and go.

MEGLOS: You Gaztaks pillage
the galaxy. There are a
thousand small maurading
bands like yours. And what's
it all for?

BROTADAC: Loot.

MEGLOS: A motley collection
of trophies. How long did it
take you to accumulate all
this?

BROTADAC: We've done it all
our lives.

MEGLOS: And you accuse me
of wasting your time!

GRUGGER: What you're asking
us to do is impossible.

MEGLOS: Impossible? Or
simply beyond your compre-
hension?

BRODATAC: There's only one
way into that city.

GRUGGER: They guard that
Pentagram with their lives -
to them it's a God.

BROTADAC: They say the thing's
too dangerous to touch.

MEGLOS: Really, gentlemen.
I have considered the hazards.
But your timidity worries me.
You're not interested in real
power. So if Lieutenant
Brodatac will return my
redimensioner we will conclude
our business.

BROTADAC: What?

MEGLOS: The redimensioner you
removed from my desk.

(BROTADAC LOOKS
SHIFTY. HE
GLANCES TOWARDS
GRUGGER FOR AN
INSTRUCTION)

GRUGGER: Fool! What do you
know about mass conversion
mechanics!

(BROTADAC PUTS THE
REDIMENSIONER BACK
ON THE BENCH.

GRUGGER TAKES OFF
HIS SMALL ARMS
BELT TO MAKE IT
EASIER FOR HIM TO
SIT. HE PULLS UP
A CHAIR IN FRONT
OF THE CACTUS)

I want to know a lot more
about all this.

17. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA ARE STILL
PREOCCUPIED WITH
THE MALFUNCTIONING
K9)

THE DOCTOR: Bit of a nuisance
if we have to reprogram all
his constants.

ROMANA: I'm more worried
about the power depletion.
At this rate he'll need
recharging every two hours.

THE DOCTOR: That's no problem.
I happen to be an expert in
power sources.

ROMANA: Tigella won't take
long, then?

THE DOCTOR: Flying visit,
a quick service.

ROMANA: What is the energy
process. Baryon multiplication.

THE DOCTOR: ... something
like that... They didn't
actually let me look at it
last time. Religious
objections.

ROMANA: You don't know, do
you. This might take ages.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe. If it's something really clever. But it's always nice to learn something new.

18. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY.
DAY.

(WE NOTICE A
MAN-SIZED
TRANSPARENT
CYLINDER
SUSPENDED
FROM THE
CEILING. A
SIMILAR,
CACTUS-SIZED
CYLINDER IS
NOW SUSPENDED
OVER THE
POSITION IN
WHICH GRUGGER
IS NOW PLACING
MEGLOS)

GRUGGER: It was made here?
On Zolfa-Thura?

MEGLOS: Of course. The
Tigellans are using only a
fraction of its potential.

GRUGGER: Fraction? It
powers their entire planet!

MEGLOS: Precisely, a mere
fraction. The present
fluctuations are part of
its inbuilt programming.
In its restart mode its
present output will be raised
to the power of five. Its
energy could feed an entire
galaxy.

GRUGGER: But that's impossible.

MEGLOS: Within your limited frame of reference, yes. Now, if you'll be so kind as to lower the containment vessels, I think we're ready to proceed.

(GRUGGER TOUCHES A
BUTTON. THE
TRANSPARENT
CYLINDERS ARE
LOWERED OVER
MEGLOS AND THE
DRUGGED EARTHLING)

MEGLOS: (FROM WITHIN HIS
CONTAINMENT VESSEL) General
Grugger, have I explained the
procedure sufficiently?

GRUGGER: (AT A CONTROL CONSOLE)
Yes, I've got it.

MEGLOS: Excellent. Then
let it commence.

(GRUGGER PRESSES A
PANEL ON THE
CONSOLE.

THE TWO CHAMBERS
LIGHT UP AND
THERE IS A HUMMING
NOISE.

WE SEE MEGLOS'S
PLANT BEGIN TO
WILT AND DRAIN OF
ITS BRIGHT GREEN
COLOUR.

AS THE PLANT BECOMES
SERE AND WITHERED
WE NOTICE THAT IN
THE ADJACENT CHAMBER
THE EARTHLING IS
GRADUALLY GOING
GREEN, HIS SKIN ASSUMING
A PRICKLY TEXTURE.

MEGLOS HAS BEEN
TRANSFUSED INTO
AND TAKEN OVER
THE EARTHLING'S
BODY. HE STEPS
OUT)

MEGLOS: (RETAINING HIS
ORIGINAL VOICE) Thank you
General Grugger.

(THE GAZTAKS LOOK
AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT)

BROTADAC: I don't believe
it.

MEGLOS: Now we must work
quickly. I've intercepted a
Tigellan message. They've sent
for ...

(HE CROSSES TO ANOTHER
CONTROL CONSOLE AND
PRESSES A PANEL.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
DOCTOR APPEARS ON A
VIDEO SCREEN WITH
PRINTED INFORMATION
SUPERIMPOSED, E.G.
NAME: THE DOCTOR
AGE: APPROX. SEVEN
CENTURIES.
PLANET OF ORIGIN:
GALLIFREY ETC. ETC)

... A travelling Time Lord
whose travels I must inter-
rupt. (cont...)

(MEGLOS LEANS OVER
A LARGE CIRCULAR
VIDEO MAP, VISUALLY
LIKE A RADAR SCREEN,
AND PRESSES VARIOUS
CONTROLS)

MEGLOS: Now where is he?
And when?

19. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR IS
PACING AROUND
THE TARDIS
LOST IN THOUGHT.
ROMANA HAS NOW
TAKEN OVER
REPAIRING K.9)

ROMANA: Where did you put the
magnetic tweezers?

THE DOCTOR: (THINKING ALOUD)
In a cave, a sort of shrine.

ROMANA: Where?

THE DOCTOR: Tigella, Sorry?

ROMANA: The tweezers?

THE DOCTOR: (FEELING IN HIS
POCKET) Oh, here.

ROMANA: (TAKING THEM) Thank
you. I think I've nearly
done it.

THE DOCTOR: Perfectly
understandable they should
be in awe of the thing.
Their whole way of life
depends on it.

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here we
go again.

THE DOCTOR: (STOPPING)
What's the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe
circuit's jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy,
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've
tried everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress
repairs complete.

THE DOCTOR: Well done, Romana.
You're developing a very sound
grasp of all this.

ROMANA: Developing? I was
fully qualified when I arrived.

THE DOCTOR: What do you know
about the Prion planetary system.

(ROMANA LEAVES K.9.
TO JOIN THE DOCTOR
AT THE CONTROL
CONSOLE)

ROMANA: The only civilisation
of any note was Zolfa-Thura.
They destroyed themselves in a
global war and the planet is
now a featureless desert.

THE DOCTOR: So now Tigella's
all that's left?

(SUDDENLY WE JUMP-
CUT BACK IN TIME)

ROMANA: (BACK REPAIRING K.9.)
Oh, blast! Here we go again.

THE DOCTOR: (STOPPING) What's
the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe circuit's
jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy,
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've tried
everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress
repairs complete.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT
THE DOCTOR. HE
LOOKS AT HER.
THEY'RE BOTH
VERY PUZZLED)

20. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS IS AT THE CONTROLS, VERY AMUSED WITH WHAT HE SEES ON THE SCREEN OF HIS CONSOLE - A SILENT VERSION OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

MEGLOS IS STILL GREEN, THOUGH PALER AND LESS PRICKLY THAN BEFORE)

MEGLOS: Flies trapped in amber. Not even The Doctor can escape from a chronic hysteresis.

GRUGGER: A what?

(MEGLOS PRESSES A PANEL AND A PICTURE OF HIS OWN - THAT IS TO SAY THE EARTHLING'S - FACE APPEARS, AS IF MIRRORED IN THE SCREEN OF THE CONSOLE. MEGLOS STUDIES IT WITH SOME DISTASTE)

MEGLOS: I've caught him inside a fold of time. A little local reshaping of of the continuum.

GRUGGER: (NODDING TO BROTADAC)
That's good. That's good.
(HE DOESN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND)

BROTADAC: Makes no sense to me.

(MEGLOS BEGINS TO
PULL AT THE STILL
GREENISH SKIN OF
HIS FACE, CAREFULLY
WATCHING THE EFFECT
IN THE "MIRROR")

MEGLOS: (PATIENTLY) His only
respite is the short period
when he loops back to the start.
Whatever he does he will always
return to that point.

GRUGGER: Round and round for
all eternity!

MEGLOS: An appropriate demise,
don't you think - for a Time
Lord?

21. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(WE JOIN AT THE
START OF THE
TRACK)

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here
we go again.

THE DOCTOR: What's the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe circuit's
jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've tried
everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress,
repairs complete.

THE DOCTOR: That's the third
time. What's happening?

ROMANA: (DASHING TO THE
CONTROLS) The Tardis appears
to be functioning normally.

THE DOCTOR: Then what? Repeated
time cycles? Couldn't be a
chronic hysteresis, could it?

ROMANA: A what?

THE DOCTOR: I hope not. If
it is we'll be stuck here for
ever.

(WE JUMP CUT BACK)

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here we
go again.

22. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS IS LEANING
FORWARD INTO THE
SCREEN, OBSCURING
OUR VIEW OF HIS
PATIENT FACIAL
HANDIWORK. BUT
SOME SORT OF
DELICATE MANIPULATION
IS CLEARLY IN
PROGRESS)

BROTADAC: (DEEPLY PUZZLED)
This Meglos can bend Time?

GRUGGER: Right. Into a
loop.

BROTADAC: I've never heard
of that. Have you?

GRUGGER: What does it matter
how it's done. The point is -
the Doctor doesn't reach
Tigella.

(MEGLOS LEANS BACK
AND WE SEE THE
SCREEN OVER HIS SHOULDER)

THE FACE IN
THE FROZEN
FRAME IS STILL
RECOGNISABLY
THE EARTHLING'S,
THOUGH DRAINED
OF GREENNESS
NOW. AND THERE
IS SOMETHING
FAMILIAR ABOUT
THESE NEW EYES,
THIS NOSE)

MEGLOS: But he does,
gentlemen. He does.

(MEGLOS'S HAND
PRESSES A
BUTTON ON THE
CONSOLE.

THE FRAME
FLICKERS INTO
MOTION AND WE
WATCH A FAST
PLAYBACK OF THE
EARTHLING'S FACE
DISSOLVING THROUGH
SEVERAL QUICK
STAGES INTO FEATURES
THAT ARE
UNCANNILY LIKE ...)

(TURNING ROUND) We mustn't
disappoint the Tigellans.

(WE ARE LOOKING
RIGHT INTO THE
FACE OF THE
DOCTOR!)

TELECINE 2:

SUPOSE CAM

Closing
Titles:

END TELECINE

FADE OUT